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SIXTH SERIES.

LORD ROSEBERY AS LITERARY CRITIC.

By J. F. HOGAN, M.P.

SOMEBODY wrote a magazine article not long ago under the title of 'The Four Lord Roseberys,' and I have read a book about Lord Rosebery in which he was considered and discussed under six aspects: 'The Man,' 'The Radical,' 'The Municipalist,' 'The Home Ruler,' 'The Imperial Federationist,' and 'The Foreign Minister and Premier.' This enumeration would seem to exhaust all the possible standpoints from which Lord Rosebery might be regarded; yet there is another and a non-political rôle he has played which is certainly not the least interesting in his attractive and versatile career. As a writer of graceful, scholarly, and luminous prefaces, Lord Rosebery has no rival in these islands; but this is a character in which he appeals rather to the cultured few than the public in general, and consequently it is the one that is least familiar to the great body of his admirers.

Lord Rosebery's first preface is dated 'Government House, Melbourne, January 16, 1884.' It forms the introduction to the *Marcus Clarke Memorial Volume*. It was written when Lord Rosebery was industriously completing his education by that grand tour of the Empire which he has since declared should be an indispensable preliminary to the attainment of front-bench honours by any public man in this country. Lord Rosebery was for the time being the guest of the Governor of Victoria in the baronial pile that dominates Melbourne from the southern bank of the Yarra. During his stay in that city he sought out and substantially befriended the widow and children of perhaps the greatest of colonial novelists, Marcus Clarke, author of that most lurid and thrilling of romances of the transportation era: *For the Term of his Natural Life*.

Born in Kensington, the son of a London barrister and *littérateur* of some distinction, Marcus Clarke found his way to Australia in his seventeenth year, and spent two years on an up-

country sheep-station, where he closely observed the various types of bush character and collected the materials for the numerous and admirable short stories and sketches that subsequently flowed in quick succession from his facile pen. Migrating from the solitudes of the bush to the life and bustle of the city of Melbourne, he wrote largely in the local journals and magazines, besides acting as Australian correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*. His work in this latter capacity so strongly impressed the proprietors of that journal that Sir Edward Lawson wrote: 'It has occurred to me that you possess most of the qualifications for journalism of the highest order. Would it suit your views to come to England? If the idea should have entered your mind, tell me what income you would require to entice you to come to London.' This was a brilliant offer to a young man in the early twenties at the other end of the earth; and what motive influenced Marcus Clarke in declining it is a mystery. It was the colossal mistake of his life. He also refused that snug sinecure, the Parliamentary librarianship in Melbourne, which would have assured him a handsome permanent income and left him ample leisure for the fulfilment of his literary projects and aspirations. He was a veritable latter-day Oliver Goldsmith in his utter inability to recognise what was best for his material interests. He married at twenty-one; and, after the ceremony, went out to look for lodgings for his bride, having quite overlooked that essential preliminary. Through the kind offices of his friend and patron, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, he eventually became sub-librarian of the Melbourne Public Library. But his Bohemian mode of life had seriously impaired his constitution, and the money-lenders of Melbourne, in whose toils he had become involved, helped to worry him into a premature grave at the early age of thirty-four. The whole of his literary activity was comprised between the years 1866 and 1881, and during that period he wrote three complete novels and one unfinished; up-

wards of fifty short stories and sketches; a dozen plays and pantomimes; and a vast quantity of leading articles, dramatic criticisms, and occasional contributions to journals and magazines. He was about to start on a cruise amongst the South Sea Islands as the special correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* when he was seized with his fatal illness.

Marcus Clarke's *magnum opus*, *For the Term of his Natural Life*, which forms the theme of Lord Rosebery's preface, was the result of a commission from the proprietors of the *Australian Journal*, a monthly magazine that is still published in Melbourne. The present self-governing colony of Tasmania was during the first half of this century a penal settlement to which the criminals of Great Britain and Ireland were despatched in convict-ships. This 'transportation system,' as it was called, became associated with a variety of cruelties and horrors that are now embedded in blue-books or locked up in the secret manuscript archives of the Tasmanian Government. Marcus Clarke diligently mastered and assimilated all this melodramatic material, and weaved it into a romance that will never be eclipsed as a living picture of the transportation times. It is, of course, not to be taken as an accurate presentation of the facts and incidents of that era. What Marcus Clarke did was to collect, with an eye to thrilling dramatic effect, all the horrors and cruelties practised on scores of prisoners for half a century, and pile them all upon the back of his unfortunate, innocently convicted hero, Rufus Dawes. The result is a masterpiece of terrible fiction; but it should never be forgotten that Rufus Dawes was far from being the typical transported convict. Human tigers, as a certain proportion of these exiles were, had to be kept in subjection by harsh and even brutal methods; but the average sensible transported convict who behaved himself became an 'emancipist' in time, was allowed to take up land, married, amassed wealth, and founded a respectable family.

Lord Rosebery's preface to the *Marcus Clarke Memorial Volume*—a selection from the author's writings published by subscription for the benefit of the widow and children—is in the main a glowing eulogy of *His Natural Life*. He says his visit to Australia, always a floating dream of his, lost one great attraction by the absence of its author. 'Long ago,' he adds, 'I fell upon *His Natural Life* by accident, and read it not once or twice, but many times, at different periods. Since then I have frequently given away copies to men whose opinions I valued, and have always received from them the same opinion as to the extraordinary power of the book. There can, indeed, I think, be no two opinions as to the horrible fascination of the book. The reader who takes it up and gets beyond the prologue, though he cannot but be harrowed by the long agony of the story and the human anguish of every page,

is unable to lay it down; almost in spite of himself he has to read and to suffer to the bitter end. To me, I confess, it is the most terrible of all novels, more terrible than *Oliver Twist* or Victor Hugo's most startling effects, for the simple reason that it is more real. It has all the solemn ghastliness of truth.'

Lord Rosebery says he employed some of his leisure in Australia in studying the blue-books on which the novel was based; and while in Tasmania he made personal inquiries on the subject. The result was to carry conviction to his mind that the case had not been one whit overstated; nay, that the fact in some particulars was more frightful than the fiction. Alluding to the fact that the most appalling chapter in the book—the one that describes the escape and cannibalism of Gabbett—is a paraphrase of an appendix to the report of the House of Commons Committee on Transportation in 1837-8, Lord Rosebery uses this striking and suggestive sentence: 'The materials for great works of imagination lie all around us; but it is genius that selects and transposes them.'

Lord Rosebery concludes by expressing his regret that the works of Marcus Clarke were not sufficiently appreciated either in Australia or Great Britain; a reproach that has since been removed to a considerable extent. 'It is rare,' he adds, 'that so young a country has produced so great a literary force. I cannot believe but that the time must soon come when Australians will feel a melancholy pride in this true son of genius, and Australian genius. And in England, like another power in the world of letters, not dissimilar in genius—I mean Emily Brontë—he may have made up to him in posthumous honour what was lacking in his lifetime.'

Lord Rosebery's second preface is of topical interest just now, when in his character of progressive Imperialist, he is being regarded with peculiar interest both within and without the ranks of the Liberal party. He was the last President of the Imperial Federation League. An eloquent member of that vanished organisation, Mr G. R. Parkin, now the head of a Canadian college, made a speaking tour of the British dominions, and subsequently published a bright and instructive volume under the title of *Round the Empire*. In a clear and concise preface, dated London, February 1892, Lord Rosebery introduced it to the reading world, or rather the schools of the nation: 'I have been asked to write a line of introduction to this book, and gladly comply, as its primary purpose is to remind our children that they inhabit not an island, but an Empire. There are few political facts, perhaps none, that should exercise so great an influence on their future lives.' Proceeding to develop this thesis, Lord Rosebery argues that a collection of States spread over every region of the earth, but owning one head and one flag, is even more important as

an influence than as an Empire. From either point of view it is a world-wide fact of supreme significance; but in the one capacity it affects only its own subjects, and in the other all mankind. With the Empire statesmen are mainly concerned; in the influence every individual can and must have a part. Influence is based on character, and it is on the character of each child that grows into manhood within British limits that the future of the Empire rests. 'If we and they are narrow and selfish, averse to labour, impatient of necessary burdens, factious and self-indulgent; if we see in public affairs not our Empire but our country, not our country but our parish, and in our parish our house, the Empire is doomed. For its maintenance requires work and sacrifice and intelligence. If, on the other hand, we aim at the diffusion of the blessings of industry undisturbed by war, if we aim at peace, secured not by humiliation but preponderance, we need to preserve our Empire not for ourselves only but for mankind. And this is said not pharisaically, not to the exclusion of other countries, but because ours is the most widely spread and the most penetrating of nationalities. The time, indeed, cannot be far remote when the British Empire must, if it remain united, by the growth of its population and its ubiquitous dominion, exercise a controlling authority in the world. To that trust our sons are born.' On these grounds Lord Rosebery hopes that the youth of the race will learn how great is their inheritance and their responsibility; that those outside the British Isles may learn the splendour of their source and their home; and that English, Scottish, and Irish children may learn not to be shut in their shires, but that they are the heirs of great responsibilities and a vast inheritance. And he concludes with a serious warning to the Little Englanders: 'History has marked those that made this Empire, and will mark with equal certainty, but in a different spirit, those who unmake it or allow it to dissolve. In this book there is put forward no theory, no constitution, and no plan. Mr Parkin probably believes, as most of us do, that the security for national union lies not so much in parliamentary projects as in the just appreciation of imperial responsibility.'

A third exceedingly interesting preface by Lord Rosebery ushers in the eighth volume of the publications of the Scottish Historical Society. This volume is a contemporary list of persons concerned in what Lord Rosebery calls 'our last historical romance'—the Stuart rebellion of 1745—and it is printed from a manuscript in his possession. The twelve pages from Lord Rosebery's pen by which it is preceded are styled a preface, but they really constitute a succinct, graphic, and judicial essay on the final effort of the House of Stuart to regain the throne of

Great Britain and Ireland. Next to his *Life of Pitt*, this is Lord Rosebery's most considerable and important literary performance up to date. As a Meissonier-like war-picture in words, this opening passage of Lord Rosebery's essay on Bonnie Prince Charlie would be difficult to surpass: 'A hundred and forty-five years ago a French-born [rather Roman-born] prince of British origin leaves Belleisle and lands in the Western Highlands. He is alone with seven followers and a handful of louis d'ors; but his name, with its traditions, and his own gallant bearing, rally round him a few chiefs and their followers. He presses forward, followed by a ragged but terrible tail, disperses in five minutes regular troops, to whom his army are as Mohawks, and seizes Edinburgh. There he holds court in low-lying Holyrood, commanded by the Castle, which is garrisoned by his foes, and defeats in another burst another regular army. Thence, little stronger, he dashes into England as far as Derby. He spreads consternation throughout the kingdom, and strikes the very heart of the Empire. In London there is Black Friday; the realm seems at the mercy of a raid, and it seems the toss of a die whether England shall be Guelph or Stuart. Then the wild foe is mysteriously paralysed. The confused advance is followed by a precipitate retreat. The Highlanders hurry back with a dismal haste, downcast and draggled; farther and farther, past Glasgow, past Falkirk, till they are lost in the mists of the north, whence at last comes news that they have been crushed and harried and slaughtered, and that their leader has disappeared. Then ensues that famous flight of the romantic youth through the vague unknown country, pressed and pursued, in caves, in huts, in women's clothing; passing through penniless Highlanders with a reward on his head that meant wealth for a clan; but, faithfully served, escaping back to the Continent and to a long ignominy. He disappears for a decade, and emerges a changed man—bloated, drunken, half-imbecile, half-brute, and so he ends his life. Then, again, by a magic unconscious touch of history, he is transmuted for ever into a paladin, with a tradition and a worship which have always hallowed his smallest relics as of a hero or a saint.'

The fascination that clings to Prince Charlie is attributed by Lord Rosebery to the recklessness which, while being one of the most engaging qualities of private life, loses no part of its grace on a larger stage. Charles came alone, relying on his ancestral rights and his charm of manner. The throne he claimed for his father was occupied by an elderly German for whom no one felt enthusiasm or even liking or respect. Doubtless many who held aloof would not have grieved in their hearts had the spirited adventurer been successful. Lord Rosebery adds his belief that, in all probability, had Charles not retreated from

Derby, ten thousand Frenchmen would have attempted a descent upon southern England and changed the face of history. Moreover, a Jacobite army at the gates of London might have roused all those forces of disorder which afterwards showed themselves so potent. If Lord George Gordon could make the Metropolis tremble, the roughs that he afterwards utilised might have made Charles Edward a regent or a king. Lord Rosebery's conclusion is that the instinct of Charles was right to press onward from Derby, and that the rebellion represented a much more

serious danger than people sitting in their nineteenth-century arm-chairs and counting noses are apt to reckon.

The dark shadow of destiny, the long historical tragedy, give fascination to the Stuart story. 'It is the cause,' says Lord Rosebery, 'for which many thousands of brave men willingly faced exile and ruin and death, for which they were attainted and hanged and massacred; round which the sweetest poetry of Scotland has wound itself, and which the legends of the people embalm.'

THE RED RAT'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

T was a curious sight that met Browne's gaze when he entered the snug little cabin in which he and his friends had spent so many happy hours together. The skipper was standing near the door, McCartney was next to him, the second engineer in the corner opposite, and half-seated, half-forced down on the cushioned locker under the starboard port-hole was Maas, with MacAndrew, revolver in hand, leaning over him. Browne glanced from one to another of the group, but failed to take in the situation.

'What does this mean?' he cried, and as he did so he looked at Jimmy Foote, as if for explanation.

'It's a bad business, Browne, old chap,' Jimmy replied; 'a very bad business. I wish to goodness I had not to say anything to you about it. But it must be done, and there is very little time in which to do it. While you were away on shore a small incident occurred which aroused my suspicions. I determined to watch, and did so, with the result that they were confirmed. I saw that our friend Maas was a good deal more familiar with your officers and crew than I thought was good either for them or for himself. I did not know he was the traitorous cur he is.'

By this time Maas's usual sallow face was ashen pale. His lips seemed to be framing words which were never spoken.

'For Heaven's sake, Foote,' cried Browne, in an agony of impatience, 'get on with what you have to say! What have you discovered?'

Jimmy turned to the second engineer, who was almost as pale as Maas. 'Tell him everything,' he said; 'and see that you speak the truth.'

'I scarcely know how to tell you, sir,' the young fellow replied. 'I only wish I'd never lived to see this day. What made me do it I don't know; but he, Mr Maas there, got round me, sir, and—well, the long and short of it is, I gave in to him, and did what you know.'

'You mean, I suppose, that you and he between

you are responsible for this break-down in the engine-room this morning? Is this so?'

'Yes, sir,' the man replied.

'And, pray, what reason did Mr Maas give you for desiring you to do this?'

'He told me, sir,' the young man replied, 'that he had your interests at heart. He said he happened to know that if you had started for Japan at once, as you proposed, you would be running the yacht into a certain trap. He said that, though he had pleaded and argued with you in vain, you would not listen to him. You were bent on going on. The only way, he said, that he could stop you was for me to do what I did.'

'Surely, my dear Browne,' said Maas, speaking for the first time, 'you are not going to believe this cock-and-bull story, which is quite without corroboration. Your own common-sense should show you how absurd it is. What can have induced this man to trump-up this charge against me I cannot say. Our friendship, however, should be proof against it. Knowing the amount of worry you have upon your shoulders at the present time, I have no desire to add to it; at the same time, I cannot permit your servant here to insult me before your face.'

Browne took no notice of what he said. Turning to the engineer, he continued:

'How much did Mr Maas offer you, or what inducement did he bring to bear, to get you to do what you did?'

'He offered me five hundred pounds, sir,' the other returned. 'I told him, however, that I wouldn't take his money. You have been very good to me, sir, and I did not want to be paid for doing what I thought was a kindness to you. It wasn't until Mr McCarty told me about that cruiser having put in an appearance that I saw what I had been led into doing. Then I went straight to him and made a clean breast of everything.'

'It was the best course you could have pursued,' said Browne, 'and I shall remember it when I

come to deal with your case later on. In the meantime, gentlemen, what are we to do ?'

As he spoke the second officer descended from the bridge and made his appearance at the cabin door.

'The cruiser, sir, has signalled that she intends sending a boat,' he reported, touching his cap.

'Very good,' said Browne ; and when the officer had taken his departure he turned to Maas.

'So it is as we suspected,' he said, very slowly and deliberately. 'While we have been trusting you with our secret, you have been playing the traitor all round. Maas, I can scarcely believe it. I did not think a man could fall so low. However, there is no time to talk of that now. Come, gentlemen, what are we to do ?'

Ever since the second officer had announced that the man-o'-war was about to send a boat Maas had undergone a complete change. Though he had been found out, he still felt himself to be master of the situation ; and with every minute's grace his pluck returned to him. Springing to his feet, he cried :

'You ask what you should do, do you ? Then I will tell you. You can do nothing at all. You are in my power, one and all. Remember that I represent the Russian Government, and if you attempt anything against my safety I shall place myself in the hands of the commander of the cruiser you can see over there. You must surely see that the game is hopeless, and that further resistance would be as foolish as it would be futile.'

'Well, if anybody had told me'— Browne heard Jimmy remark ; then MacAndrew struck in :

'I think I take in the position,' he said. 'I have met with a similar case once before. Perhaps you would not mind leaving it in my hands, Mr Browne ?'

'What do you mean to do ?' inquired Browne.

'I will very soon show you,' said MacAndrew. 'Perhaps Mr Foote will assist us ?'

'I will do anything you like to be even with him,' said Jimmy vindictively.

'That's the sort of talk,' said MacAndrew. 'Now let us make our way to his cabin. Mr Maas, I shall have to trouble you to accompany us.'

'I'll do nothing of the sort,' said Maas. 'I decline to be left alone with you.'

'I'm very much afraid you've no option,' said MacAndrew calmly ; and as he spoke he gave a little significant twist to the revolver he held in his hand. 'Come, sir,' he said, more sternly than he had yet spoken. 'On to your feet, if you please. Remember you are playing with desperate men. If by hesitating you get into trouble, you will have only yourself to thank. Your friend, the cruiser, is still a couple of miles away, as you must be aware, and a revolver-shot would scarcely be heard as far.'

Seeing that there was nothing for it but to obey, Maas rose to his feet and passed out of the smoking-room, along the deck, and down the saloon companion-ladder to his own cabin. Once there, MacAndrew handed his revolver to Jimmy, with the request that he would be good enough to watch the prisoner during his absence, and to put a bullet through his skull if he should attempt to escape or give the alarm.

'For my part,' said MacAndrew, 'I'm going to test the resources of Mr Browne's medicine-chest.'

Five minutes later he returned with an ounce or so of some dark fluid in a graduating-glass.

'Good heavens ! You're surely not going to poison him,' said Browne ; while Maas stared at the glass with frightened eyes.

'Poison him ?' said MacAndrew coolly. 'My dear fellow, is it likely I should do anything so absurd ? No ; I am simply going to place him in a position of safety, so that he cannot harm us during the time the warship is in sight. Now, Mr Maas, I shall have to trouble you to swallow this.'

'I'll do nothing of the kind,' said Maas sturdily. 'You shall not persuade me to put my lips to it.'

'In that case, I'm afraid there will very probably be trouble,' said MacAndrew. 'If I were you, sir, I should make up my mind to the inevitable. Remember there are unpleasant arguments we could bring to bear should you still remain obdurate.'

Maas gasped for breath. He looked right and left, as if for some loophole of escape, but could find none. He was surrounded on every side by inexorable faces, which gazed upon him without pity or remorse, while on the table before him stood the small glass half-full of the dark-coloured liquid.

'Come, sir,' said MacAndrew, 'I shall be glad if you would toast us. Let me remind you that there is no time to lose. It always pains me, in cases like the present, to have to apply physical argument when moral might produce the same result. In the event of your not drinking, as I request, perhaps Mr Browne will be kind enough to permit us the use of his galley fire. The method, I admit, is barbarous ; nevertheless it is occasionally effective.'

The perspiration rolled down Maas's cheeks. Bantering as MacAndrew's tones were, he could still see that he was in deadly earnest.

Browne glanced out of the port-hole, and noticed that the man-o'-war's boat had left its own vessel. In less than a quarter of an hour it would be alongside, and then— But he did not like to think of what would happen then.

'I will give you one more minute in which to drink it,' said MacAndrew, taking his watch from his pocket. 'If you do not do so you must be prepared to take the consequences.'

Silence fell upon the group for a space, during which a man might perhaps have counted twenty.

'Half a minute,' said MacAndrew, and Browne's heart beat so violently that it almost choked him.

'Three-quarters of a minute,' continued MacAndrew. 'Mr Foote, would you mind giving me the revolver and standing by that door? I am afraid that we shall be driven into a tussle.'

Jimmy did as he was requested, and another pause ensued.

'Time's up,' said MacAndrew, shutting his watch with a click. 'Now we must act. Mr Browne, take his legs if you please.'

They moved towards their victim, who shrank into a corner.

'I give in!' he cried at last, affecting a calmness he was far from feeling. 'Since there is no other way out of it, I will do as you desire, provided you will give me your assurance that the stuff is harmless.'

'It is quite harmless,' said MacAndrew; and then, with an air of braggadocio that could be easily seen was assumed, Maas tossed off the decoction, and, having done so, seated himself on the settee. A quarter of an hour later he was in his bunk, fast asleep, and Jimmy was sitting by his side in the capacity of sick-nurse.

'You had better bear in mind the fact that he has been ill for the past week,' said MacAndrew before he left the cabin. 'He caught a chill through falling asleep on deck, and pneumonia has set in. Now I shall retire to join my friend in the tunnel, and leave you to your own devices. Don't forget to let me know, Mr Browne, as soon as the Russian has bidden you farewell.'

'You may depend on me,' Browne replied; and as he spoke the captain hailed him from the deck above, to inform him that the boat was coming alongside.

OCEAN GAMBLING.

By T. L.



OT many years ago gambling was carried on to such an extent on board Atlantic liners as to call for prohibitive action on the part of the various companies concerned. Card-playing, not only in the smoking-rooms, but also in private cabins, was indulged in to a simply ruinous extent. Organised gangs of sharpers continually travelled back and forth between New York and Queenstown, and doubtless made a handsome living out of their profession, for profession it was, needing an expert handling of the cards, only to be gained by long and constant practice, a cool head, and quickness of perception in reading character. In consequence of the concerted action of the companies, high gambling apparently disappeared; the only practical results obtained, however, being surface ones, as passengers now, instead of openly throwing gold coins or notes on the table, use only silver or copper coins, these acting simply as counters, representing whatever value the players assume to them at the beginning of the game. 'Nap' and 'poker' are the two favourite games—the former for the younger men as a rule, the latter for the more seasoned heads; and play still goes on merrily, even though some one lands penniless in New York in consequence. An incident of which the writer was a witness may serve to explain the points of view of both sides of a gambling deal.

A young Englishman, on his first trip across the Atlantic, found himself gradually drawn into a game of 'poker' with three or four professional sharpers. The latter were most presentable in

their manners and dress, and older men than their victim might have been excused for playing with them. At first the young man won, as is usually the case; but gradually, as the steamer approached New York, he began to lose—winning at times, but losing on the day's play. When he lost it was usually by only one point. Tempted by what he called 'luck,' he plunged a bit; and one afternoon, only twelve hours from New York, he found himself penniless. He had only a few shillings left—barely enough for his tips—out of over one hundred pounds, his total capital! Slowly awakening to his losses, the poor young fool felt desperate. His father had with great difficulty given him this sum, together with an introduction to an old friend in the West. There he was, staring down at the littered card-table, ruined, disgraced, and penniless—a poor condition for a young man just starting out in the world. A quiet-looking man, who usually sat reading in a corner of the smoking-room, had tried once to give the young fellow a friendly hint to go slow. His advice was promptly and haughtily resented—as advice usually is when unasked for—and the quiet man said no more; but this afternoon, after watching the young man sitting alone, the picture of despair, he sat down beside him, and gradually, in a kindly, fatherly way, drew the whole story out. Telling him not to be too despondent, he went out on deck and joined a party of elderly men, who were leaning over the side watching the porpoises playing round the ship. Telling them in a few words the situation, he asked one—a Westerner—to act as spokesman, and the whole party then moved

across the deck to the other side, where the sharers were still laughing amongst themselves at the complete success they had had in 'cleaning out' the Britisher. The Western man, who did not believe in preliminaries, burst out with: 'You men have cleaned out that young man of every cent he has. I don't *say* you've swindled him, but I have my own opinion; and I think, and so do we all, that you ought to refund.' Naturally this was met by a storm of vituperative rejoinder, to the effect that the game was a square one, and if the other fellow had lost, all the worse for him. Then the quiet man stepped forward, and, looking hard at the leader of the gang, said, 'Joe, pay up;' and that was all he did say at the moment. The effect was magical. The sharper glared at him, then turned pale, and muttered, 'It's you, is it? Didn't know you.' 'No, didn't suppose you did. I've grown a beard since I saw you last. Now, pay up quietly, or——' 'All right,' was the quick response; 'I'll do what is fair.' With that he handed over a roll of notes with some gold to his evil genius, saying, 'There's ninety pounds. We got a hundred, but we've spent over ten on drinks and cards.' Needless to say, the young Englishman was delighted to get back so much of his money, vowing he would never touch a card again. It is to be hoped he kept his vow. The quiet-looking man was simply a good-natured, kindly detective, who knew the gang and its leader well, and they equally well knew him and feared him.

A certain portion of the steamer-sharks, who were also expert thieves and confidence-men, were outfitted and financed by a well-known person in Chicago called Canada Bill, who had a most presentable manner and appearance—his general tone that of a prosperous business man, which he certainly was. Not a railroad entering Chicago but had its appointed gangs for each train, with orders to fleece or steal all they could, whether by three-card monté, the box trick, poker, or any other method that was practical. They regularly reported to the 'Boss,' handing over all the plunder they had secured, for which they were promptly paid at the Boss's valuation. Cash was divided equally. Canada Bill in return looked after his men carefully. If ill or unable to work, they were attended to and supported. If arrested, his peculiar and intimate acquaintance with all the tricks of Chicago law, aided by a liberal expenditure in the way of bribery both of witnesses and police, usually succeeded in getting his man free. It may here be said that this man had a method of his own of checking his men's honesty (?) in reporting to him faithfully as to their takings. The men were afraid of him; again and again had he caught them making false declarations. How he found them out he only knew. The punishment was always the invariable one—

dismissal. Oddly as it may sound, this was considered by his employés a disgrace. There was an *esprit de corps* amongst them; they were proud to be under the Boss. Ostensibly a mining agent, he had his office neatly fitted up with the usual appliances for assay work, including a small furnace, generally alight, blowpipes, acids, crucibles, and so on. The stones were rapidly removed from all jewellery—for the man was an expert—and the gold thrown into the melting-pot, then cast into neat little ingots, which were sold to the branch Treasury Office close by Canada Bill personally, he representing them as a fresh consignment from his Western mines.

On one occasion, recognising that certain rivals were disputing his territorial rights, he called on the superintendent of one of the leading roads entering Chicago, calmly offering him ten thousand dollars yearly if he (the superintendent) would give over the monopoly of 'working' all trains on the system operated by the railroad company. The cool assurance of the man rather upset the nerves of the superintendent, who, feeling unable to do justice to the subject, curtly declined the offer. As his visitor reluctantly moved to the door, he capped his first offer by adding, 'I will go one better: I will instruct my men to play against *ministers only*, and I agree to forfeit any reasonable sum if they break the contract.' Now, the superintendent was a religious man in his way—that is, so far as his duties permitted him; and, in amazement, he asked Canada Bill what he meant. The reply he received left him deeply thinking of a rather stiff donation his wife had insisted on his handing over to their own pastor a few days previously for the latter's summer holiday. 'When a minister gets on a train he always has a pocketful of money given him by his church for his summer holiday. Over ninety per cent. of them, according to our experience, are anxious to increase their capital; and when they see two or three innocent-looking old jays of farmers having a quiet little game, they *always* want to join in. A minister, mister, is always a dead-sure thing to us, every time.' Sore at his failure to secure a monopoly, he revenged himself on the superintendent by instructing some of his best men to keep on his track; and within a month they succeeded in abstracting his watch, chain, and well-lined pocket-book. The watch was a presentation one, and valuable. Canada Bill could not resist the temptation, so he forwarded the watch and chain to the owner, to the latter's great surprise and joy, together with a card on which was neatly written, 'With C. B.'s compliments.' As all good things come to an end, so did Canada Bill; he died full of years and cash. The police, during one of their spasmodic attempts at enforcing the law, arrested and convicted several members of the gang, who had no longer a

friend at court to protect them. Train-men had strict orders to stop all gambling they saw, and so the game no longer paid for the risk. I may add that the box-trick was an exceedingly clever one, requiring an expert proficiency in sleight-of-hand to be successful. An elaborately-carved wooden match-box, together with an apparently identical one (save that the latter was simply a solid block of wood), was the stock in hand. A confederate politely asked the match-box man for a light; the latter, after relighting his cigar,

handed the box closed to the applicant, who, after vainly attempting to open it, handed it back to the owner, laughingly saying, 'I suppose there is a secret spring. I certainly cannot open it.' 'Oh no!—it's simplicity itself;' again opening the box and striking a match, then again handing back the box—in reality, the solid block. This little pastime was, of course, only indulged in before a suitable assemblage of onlookers. Bets were made, excitement spread rapidly, and the box-trick flourished exceedingly.

THE TAPU OF BANDERAH:

A TALE OF THE SOUTH SEAS.

CHAPTER II.—A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.



FEW hours later De Vere was on very friendly terms with Mr and Mrs Deighton, who had carried him off to the mission-house after the boat had returned to the schooner. Before he accompanied them, however, he told Burrowes and Schwartzkoff, as he shook hands, that he would not fail to visit them later on in the day at their respective houses; and both Peter and the American, who on any other occasion would have been highly indignant at any white visitor, not a missionary himself, foregoing even for a short time the pleasure of their society for that of a 'parson,' gave De Vere vigorous hand-grasps, and said that they would be proud to see him. Then they hurried off homewards.

Peter's house and trading-station lay midway between those of Charlie Blount's and the American's; but instead of making for his own place, Peter, to the surprise of Blount, who was standing at his door watching them, went inside Burrowes's house with its owner.

'That's curious, now,' said Blount in English to one of his half-caste daughters, a girl of eighteen. 'Those two fellows hate each other like poison, and I've never known the Dutchman go into the Yankee's house, or the Yankee into his, for the past two years, and they are now as thick as thieves. I wonder what infernal roguery they are up to.'

Charlie Blount's amazement was perfectly natural. The German and the American did dislike each other most intensely. Neither of them had lived so long on Mayou as Blount, but each was trying hard to work the other off the island by mutual accusations of cheating to the natives. As a matter of fact, they both cheated, and were both dangerous men, who would stick at nothing. Banderah, the head-chief of Mayou, who liked white men, managed to keep a hollow peace between the two men themselves, and between them and his own people, who disliked

them equally. He was perfectly well aware that the white men cheated his people and himself, but as long as their cheating was practised only moderately he did not mind. They were useful to him in many ways, especially in supplying him with arms and ammunition, which he loved dearly, and on this account alone he would have tolerated their presence on the island.

With Blount, however, he was on terms of absolute friendship, and his confidence in and good feeling towards him was shared with the savage chief by every one of his people.

Perhaps, had Blount been a witness of what occurred when the boat had landed, his previous suspicions of the character of his two fellow-traders would have been considerably augmented; for, while the missionary and De Vere were bandying compliments, the German and American were exchanging signs with the officer in charge of the boat, whom De Vere addressed as 'Captain Sykes.' The American, indeed, had started down the beach to speak to him, when De Vere called to the sailor to return to the ship; and Captain Sykes, with a gesture signifying that he would see Burrowes later on, swung round the boat's head, and gave the word to his Kanaka crew to give way. As if quite satisfied with this dumb promise, the American returned to the group he had just left; and the moment the missionary, Mrs Deighton, and De Vere had gone, he and the German walked off together.

As soon as the pair entered the American's house Burrowes sat down on the table, and the German on a gin-case.

'Wal, Dutchy,' said Burrowes, looking keenly at his companion, 'I reckon you know who the almighty swell in the brass-bound suit is, hey?'

'Yaw,' replied Schwartzkoff; 'and I vas thought he vas in brison put for ten years mit.'

'Wal, he did get ten years; that's true enough. But that was six years ago, an' I reckon they've let him out. Public feelin' agin nigger-catchin' ain't as strong now as it was then.'

It's necessary—so the governments of Fiji and Queensland sez—ter accept the provision made by Providence to hev the soil tilled, and niggers was meant ter till it for thirty dollars a year to the toon of "Rool Britannyer."

"Dot is so," assented the German; then he leaned forward—"but vat vas Pilker doing here in dis fine, swell schooner mit?"

The American placed his long, dirty forefinger on the German's shoulder.

"That is jest what you an' me is agoin' ter diskiver. An' I guess that you an' me is agoin' to find out darned easy. Pilker ain't agoin' to fool *me*; an' if he's on to anything good, I guess I'm goin' to have a cut in."

"Vell, ve see py-und-py, ven he comes ashore. But there vas von ding I tells you—dot fine shentlemans don't know somedings vat you und me knows about Captain Pilker."

The American gave an affirmative wink, and then, going to a rude cupboard, he took out a bottle of gin and a couple of tin mugs.

"Look hyar, Peter, I guess you an' me's goin' to do some business over this schooner, so let's be friends."

"I vas agreeable," said the German, with alacrity, rising from his seat; and accepting the peace-offering in the tin mug, he nodded to the American and tossed it off.

By lunch-time Mr Morecombe-Lycett had been brought ashore, and had accepted Mr Deighton's invitation to remain for the night. He was a well-dressed, good-looking man of thirty-five, and was—so the missionary sympathetically announced to his wife—suffering from a touch of malarial fever, which a little quinine and nursing would soon put right. Mr Deighton was suffering from the same complaint himself, but made little of it as he sat and talked to his visitors.

At noon, as Charlie Blount was walking past Burrowes's house, he was surprised to see the German still there. He was about to pass on—for, although not on unfriendly terms with the two men, he did not care for either of them sufficiently well to enter their houses very often, although they did his—when the American came to the door and asked him to come in and take a drink.

"Are you going on board the schooner?" asked Burrowes as Blount came in and sat down.

"No. I'm going to Lak-a-lak. I've got some natives cutting timber for me there, and thought I would just walk along the beach and see how they are getting on. Besides that, my little girl Nellie is there with my wife's brother."

"Why," said Burrowes, with genuine surprise, "won't you go aboard and see if they have any provisions to sell? I heerd you say the other day that you had jest run out of coffee an' tinned meats."

"So I have; but I don't care about going on

board for all that." Then, looking the two men straight in their faces, he drank off the gin, set the mug down on the table, and resumed: "I saw by my glass that that scoundrelly cut-throat and blackbirder, Bilker, is on board. That's enough for me. I heard that the infernal ruffian got ten years in Sydney jail. Sorry he wasn't hanged."

"Vy," said the German, whose face was considerably flushed by the liquor he had drunk, "you vas in der plackpird drade yourselves von dime."

"So I was, Peter," said Blount quietly, "but in ships which did the thing honestly, fairly and squarely. I, and those with me when I was in the labour-trade, never stole a nigger nor shot one. This fellow Bilker was a disgrace to every white man in the trade. He is a notorious, cold-blooded murderer."

The conversation fell a bit flat after this, for Messrs Burrowes and Schwartzkoff began to feel uncomfortable. Six or seven years before, although then unknown to each other, and living on different islands in the New Hebrides group, they each had had business relations with Captain Bilker in the matter of supplying him with "cargo" during his cruises for "blackbirds"; and each of them had so carried on the "trade" that both were ultimately compelled to leave the scenes of their operations with great haste, and take up their residence elsewhere, particularly as the commander of the cruiser which captured Captain Bilker had expressed a strong desire to make their acquaintance, and let them keep that worthy company to the gallows.

"Wal," resumed the American, "I guess every man has his own opinions on sich things. I have mine. Why, here's Mr Doo Veer.—Walk right in, sir, an' set daown.—And Mister Deighton too.—Howdy, parson? I'm glad to see you."

The moment the visitors entered Blount rose to go, but the missionary, with good-natured, blundering persistency, pressed him back, holding his hand the while.

"Mr De Vere, this is Mr Blount, my very good and esteemed friend, and our countryman as well."

"How do you do?" said the trader, taking the visitor's hand, but quickly dropping it. There was something in De Vere's set smile and cold, watery-blue eyes that he positively resented, although he knew not why. Blount, too, objected to the new-comer's habit of continually displaying his white, shapely hands, of which he seemed exceedingly proud.

However, as the dull-minded but good-hearted Deighton seemed very anxious that Blount should stay and help to entertain his guest, the trader resumed his seat, but did so with restraint and impatience showing strongly in his sunburnt and resolute face. For some ten minutes or so he remained, speaking only when he was spoken to; then he rose, and nodding a cool "Good-day" to

the handsome Mr De Vere and the two traders, he strode to the door and walked out.

Before he was half-way from Burrowes's house to the mission-station he was overtaken by Mr Deighton.

'Mr De Vere has gone on board again,' he said in his slow, solemn way—'gone on board to get some English newspapers for me. What a very estimable and kind gentleman, Mr Blount! An aristocrat to the backbone, and a gentleman—a gentleman above all, Mr Blount—a gentleman above all. His visit has given me the most unalloyed'—

'He may be "very kind," as you say,' said Blount curtly, 'but my judgment has gone very much astray if he is what he represents himself to be. I believe the fellow is a fraud.'

'Mr Blount!' and the missionary looked genuinely shocked. 'How can you say that? You are very unjust as well as very much in error. Mr De Vere is a scion of one of the noblest of our many noble English families. He told me so himself.'

'Ah, did he? That just confirms me in my opinion of the fellow. Now, look here, Mr Deighton'—and his tone became slightly irritated—'I'm not surprised that this Mr De Vere—who, whatever he is, is *not* a scion of any noble English family—should impose upon ignorant men like Burrowes and the German, but that he should impose on you does surprise me. And yet I don't know. It is very often the case that those whose education and intelligence should be

a safeguard to them against the most palpable imposture are as easily imposed upon as the ignorant and uncultured.'

'Imposture, Mr Blount! Do you mean to say'—

'I mean to say that this man De Vere, with his flashy get-up and imposing name, is *not* an English gentleman. He may deceive you—for you are a trusting man—and the men we have left, but he doesn't deceive me. I lived in England a long time ago, Mr Deighton, and once mixed with the class of people to which Mr De Vere professes to belong.' He turned his face away and added dreamily, 'A long time, a very long time ago; and then, with savage emphasis: 'And I no more believe that Mr "De Vere" comes from a good English family than I do that Nathaniel Burrowes, a low, broken-down New Orleans levée loafer, comes from one of the "first families in Virginia" that American newspapers are always blethering about.'

'What do you think, then, is wrong with Mr De Vere?'

'Nothing, perhaps, from your point of view; everything from mine. And so far as I am concerned, I mean to have nothing to do with these two "English gentlemen" and the yacht *Island Maid*. Well, here we are at the mission-gate, so good-day, Mr Deighton; I'm going as far as Lak-a-lak to see how my timber-getters are doing,' and shaking hands with the troubled missionary, the big, dark-faced trader strode along the beach alone.

PARASITES AND THEIR PECULIARITIES.

By PERCY H. GRIMSHAW, F.E.S.

IN common language, a parasite is a creature which lives at the expense of its neighbour; but, scientifically, this definition is not quite exact enough. No one can deny, for instance, that a tiger lives at the expense of those weaker animals which are unfortunate enough to dwell in his vicinity; but we can hardly apply the name of parasite to this familiar beast. To speak more accurately, therefore, we should define a parasite as a being which derives its nutriment from some other creature, to which it is either temporarily or permanently attached, without endangering the life of its host. We often find one animal attached to another without actually feeding upon it, as in the case of sea-anemones. These creatures are sometimes found adhering to crabs or other slow-moving inhabitants of the sea; but they are in no sense parasitic, only becoming attached for the purpose of obtaining more rapidly a change of residence and surroundings.

Parasites do not belong to any special class of

their own, but are to be met with in nearly all the lower groups of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Thus we have parasitic insects, parasitic worms and shell-fish, parasitic fungi and flowering plants. But it is a curious and noteworthy fact that nearly all beings which have adopted this mode of living are very abnormal in their organisation, so much so that naturalists are often much exercised in their minds as to their real relationships. As a result of what we might call their degraded ways of life, the organs of parasites lose their functions and become modified and degraded also. In those groups of animals which pass through different stages in reaching the adult state, the parasitic representatives usually skip one or more of these stages, and, indeed, do not undergo much change at any period of their life.

As may be gathered from what we have already said, parasites are to be found in both the animal and vegetable kingdoms; but in the present paper we shall confine our attention to the former. It is among animals that we shall find the most interesting cases in illustration of their peculiar

structure and habits. Although they cannot be referred to any special class in the animal kingdom, yet, for purposes of convenience, we may roughly group them into sections according to their degree of dependence upon their host. Thus we have, to begin with, those parasites which are free during their whole life, only becoming attached to their victim for the purpose of feeding. Such are leeches, gnats, gadflies, lice, fleas, and a host of others. Then, some are free when young, passing the later periods of their life attached to or within the body of their host. Examples of these are the ticks, many crustaceans or shell-fish, and some of the worms. Others, again, reverse these conditions, commencing life as parasites and afterwards living a free and independent existence—for example, botflies and many other parasitic insects. Lastly, many animals are entirely dependent upon and attached to other animals throughout their existence—many of these, strange to say, changing their host either once only or more than once. The liver-fluke is perhaps the most familiar example of this latter class.

It is quite impossible, within the limits of a single article, to treat adequately of these various grades of parasitism. Whole volumes have been, and may still be, written showing the peculiar relations of host and guest in the various cases known; and our present purpose will best be served by taking one or two examples of each class, and describing briefly the most interesting facts in connection with them.

Of all parasites, surely the flea is the best known. It is an example of the first class, being quite free from its host in all stages of its life, and only attaching itself to feed. It is also an example of the difficulty experienced by zoologists as to the real affinities of parasites; for though now generally regarded as a degraded form of two-winged fly, yet in past time it has been variously located, and even now is often considered the type of a distinct order of insects. Fleas pass through the usual stages of an insect's life—namely, the egg, grub, pupa, and adult. The eggs are laid in dark, out-of-the-way places, such as chinks and cracks, or on rugs and carpets; and from them are hatched the grubs, which feed on dust, particles of feathers, or other animal substances. After about twelve days the grub changes into a quiescent pupa, and this in another fortnight or so to the perfect insect. It is only in this latter state that the flea sucks blood, all the other stages being inoffensive. It is curious that large swarms of fleas are sometimes found in situations where blood is only very rarely accessible, and in these cases some other means of subsistence must be resorted to.

The well-known and justly-dreaded leeches are also to be placed in the same category with the fleas, for they too limit their unwelcome attentions to such times as they are feeding. They are both aquatic and terrestrial in their habits, and attack

not only human beings, but also horses, cattle, fish, frogs, snails, and even insects. In Ceylon and other parts of the East the traveller encounters perhaps the most formidable of these ever-hungry parasites in the form of land-leeches, whose repulsive appearance and method of approach are sufficient of themselves to inspire both man and beast with a feeling of disgust and dread. They are worm-like creatures, broad at the hinder extremity and tapering to a point in front. At the broad end is a powerful sucker by which the leech adheres during its operations, while at the narrow end we find a sucker-like mouth armed with three jaws. Each of these jaws is in the form of a finely-toothed plate, and these veritable saws by their united action are capable of inflicting a deep and freely-bleeding wound. Their method of moving over the ground is very peculiar. By fixing down first one end and then the other, and alternately raising them again, these creatures advance by a characteristic looping gait, and on the approach of the unwary traveller a large number of them assemble with remarkable rapidity, and place themselves in a semi-erect position ready for attack. Upon seeing their victim they march rapidly upon him, and almost before he is aware of the fact have climbed his person and immediately proceed to thrust their hungry jaws into his flesh. Their bite is so deep that blood trickles rapidly out and runs freely down the body and legs of the disgusted and terrified traveller, who suffers no serious harm, however, so long as the wounds are not rubbed or irritated. Nevertheless, ulcers are sometimes the result, and these may even become dangerous, as was the case with some Madras sepoys during a rebellion which occurred in 1818, when numbers of them perished through this cause. When the leech is gorged with the life-fluid of its victim it drops off, falling heavily to the ground, and remaining in a quiet and harmless state until its heavy meal is digested, this process occupying weeks or even months. It is well, indeed, that the alimentary functions of such a glutton are not more active, and that it can only indulge its appetite once in a while, else such blood-letting would prove a serious obstacle to Eastern travel.

Of parasites which are free while young and only parasitic at a later stage, we may shortly describe two types—namely, the ticks and the Filaria or guinea-worm. The first of these are found when young upon plants. Though often called insects, they cannot bear this name in a scientific sense, for they are in reality members of the spider class, possessing when fully developed four pairs of legs, and having the head fused with the middle portion of the body. Nevertheless, when young they have only six legs, a character which is quite exceptional in the class to which they belong. In tropical countries ticks are exceedingly troublesome, and attain a considerable size. Like gnats and some other insects, the females alone

are the blood-suckers. They live amongst bushes and herbage, and rest quietly with their hook-tipped legs stretched out ready to catch upon the skin or hair of any two-footed or four-footed passer-by. When attached they plunge in their serrated proboscis and suck steadily until they become distended to fifty or a hundred times their original size. The proboscis cannot be withdrawn without the aid of the tick itself, and the creature is so pertinacious that it will often allow itself to be torn to pieces rather than let go. The common dog-tick, though very minute at first, becomes, when distended with blood, similar both in size and appearance to a Windsor bean.

The other example of the second class of parasites that we have selected is also a terror to the traveller, and is found principally on the west coast of Africa. The life-history of the guinea-worm, as it is called, is most curious. It has been shown that the young worms, which are found in water, make their way first of all into the body of a small aquatic crustacean, and that it is by the swallowing of this with drinking-water that the creature is introduced into the human body. It then forces itself into the muscles and tissues just beneath the skin, and there forms an abscess. Upon the bursting of this abscess the young which have been formed in it escape to the exterior, and so the round of life again commences. As the guinea-worm may attain a length of two feet, it is not difficult to understand the serious nature of the illness induced by its presence.

Of parasites whose dependence upon their host is limited to the earlier stages of their existence, we have only space to consider a single example—namely, the red-bearded botfly, which attacks deer. This insect was only discovered to be an inhabitant of this country some two years ago, having been captured in the Ross-shire deer-forests and afterwards in the Cairngorms. It furnishes us with a good illustration of a peculiarity of parasites which we have already mentioned—namely, the shortening of their life-history by the skipping of one or more of the progressive stages through which other members of their class usually pass. Thus the female of this botfly does not lay eggs as other flies do, but gives birth to living maggots in the following curious fashion: Flying round and round the head of the poor quadruped selected as the victim, the insect suddenly darts down at the animal's nostril, and squirts therein a drop of fluid, which, if examined, will be found to contain a number of tiny maggots. These commence feeding upon the mucus and fluids in the nasal passages, and, by a curious wriggling movement, work themselves backwards until they reach the throat, where they attain their full growth. By their great irritation ulcers are formed, and the deer becomes subject to fits of sneezing and coughing. During one of these

attacks the full-grown maggot becomes ejected from the mouth and falls to the ground, where it lies dormant for some time and becomes a pupa. In the following spring the winged fly emerges to enjoy a free existence. If a female, it soon proceeds to follow the example of its parent, and in a similar manner initiates a new generation of these irritating and even dangerous parasitic grubs.

Lastly, we must say something of those parasites which have no free and separate existence at all, but which spend the whole of their degraded lives attached to or within the body of other animals. Many of these migrate, so to speak, at various periods of their existence from one kind of animal to another, and their life-history is consequently of considerable interest, not to say importance. We shall take just a couple of examples of this last group, and these must close our brief sketch of the peculiarities of parasites, those strange dependent creatures which infest all kinds and conditions of life from man himself down to the tiniest insect, or even lower still—the host, indeed, in some cases, being hardly bigger than the parasite it carries.

Every one has heard something, at least, of tapeworms, for they are only too common. They are found all over the world—everywhere, in fact, where domestic animals have accompanied man in his wanderings. The species known as *Tenia solium*, or the 'pork' tapeworm, is one of the commonest and best known, and will therefore serve well as a type of these repulsive and troublesome creatures. Roughly speaking, it consists of a head armed with suckers and hooks, and a vast number of segments, each of the hinder ones of which is capable of producing a new individual. There is no digestive apparatus whatever, and the necessary nourishment is simply absorbed through the skin. The head of the worm is securely hooked to the wall of the intestine of its host, while the remainder of the body seems to be adapted for nothing else but the production of new individuals. Hence the rapidity with which these creatures increase. The segments of the body become more individualised and independent as they recede from the head, and when the terminal ones become old enough and sufficiently ripe they simply break off, and are expelled from the body. These ripe segments are chiefly a mass of eggs, and, being now set free, are soon swallowed by that reverse-of-dainty animal, the pig. Within the pig's body the eggs are hatched and become little bladdery worms, which give rise to the condition known as 'measly' pork. When the diseased pork is afterwards eaten by a human subject, the young bladder-worm quickly develops into a mature tapeworm, budding off from its head an interminable number of joints, so that the whole creature may be ten feet in length, and consist of upwards of eight hundred separate joints! The bladder-worms may develop in

almost any part of the body; and when they reach the heart, brain, or other vital organ, quickly prove fatal. Such cases, happily, are rare, and the most usual situation infested by these 'cysticerci,' as they are called, is the tissue immediately beneath the skin.

The well-known 'liver-fluke' is another curious example of parasitic worms with a varied life-history. This creature, the cause of the dire disease known as liver-rot, so fatal in certain seasons to our sheep, is found all over Europe, North Asia, and the north of Africa. Strange to relate, the young stages of this destructive pest are spent within the body of a snail which lives in water. After a time the young flukes leave the body of the mollusc and settle upon blades of grass. Naturally enough they are then eaten by some unsuspecting sheep, who is doomed to suffer for its ignorance. After about a month the poor animal becomes languid, the whites of its eyes turn yellow, the wool falls off, and fever ensues. A couple of months later, if the sheep has not already succumbed, other symptoms become prevalent; swellings in different parts of the body become noticeable, especially a large one under the jaw. By this time the fluke has reached the liver, where it may remain for some time. It

usually, however, forces its way out through the bile-duct into the intestine, whence it escapes to the exterior. Few sheep recover from this terrible disease, and most of those attacked die in the early stages. The fluke is not confined to the sheep, but sometimes occurs in the horse, in deer, goats, and many other animals. It has even attacked man himself, but this is a rare case, and most fortunately so.

We thus see that the life-phenomena of parasites are extremely interesting and varied in their nature, and there are scores—nay, hundreds of others that we have not even hinted at, whose habits are equally worthy of our consideration. Moreover, we have said little or nothing of their internal structure, and here we should find still more interesting facts for study. We should see the curious economy of Nature on every hand, as evinced in the total suppression of organs where they are not needed. We should see the development of others adapted for purposes peculiar to parasitic life, and a host of other anatomical details most wonderful and suggestive, leading us, indeed, to forget the horrible ideas we usually associate with parasites, and teaching us that in whatever obscure corner of Nature's world we look we shall find something to marvel at and admire.

T H E B R O T H E R S O F T H E W O L F.

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX, Author of *If Sinners Entice Thee, The Bond of Black, Whoso Findeth a Wife, The Day of Temptation, &c.*

T was certainly a very odd experience. The half-legendary village of Monte Lupo, the Misty Mountain of the Wolf, had for years possessed an attraction for me as a place to visit, for its people had a decidedly bad reputation.

Ask any man in Tuscany, or in Italy for the matter of that, whether he has heard of Monte Lupo, and he will raise his shoulders to his ears, exhibit his palms, and pull a very wry face. It is a place that the Tuscan does not care to mention.

I confess to be fond of poking about in the quaint out-of-the-way corners of Italy; therefore, for the purpose of a book I was engaged upon last summer, I one day determined to set forth and see this mysterious place for myself. Perhaps the real reason of my journey was because my friend Carpenna, of the Carabinieri, had told me that for many years there had been sinister rumours regarding the inhabitants of that almost inaccessible little village high up in the very heart of the blue, towering Apennines, and had added: 'The fact is, in that place they're all thieves and murderers. But our Government are so slow to act.'

The popular idea, of course, is that brigandage

has been stamped out in Italy; but within thirty miles of where I live, down in the Maremma—that wide fever-marsh stretching from Pisa towards Rome—the country is even to-day scoured by the fearless outlaws who will attack and rob the traveller, and slit his throat if he resists. Those unsafe roads are daily and nightly patrolled by mounted Carabinieri in pairs, smart in their cocked hats, white gloves, and immaculate uniforms; but very often in broad daylight there is a sharp crack of a hidden rifle, and one or other of the unfortunate guards falls from his saddle with a bullet through his heart.

I told nobody of my intention of visiting Monte Lupo, supposed to be the headquarters of the Maremma outlaws; but, putting my revolver in my pocket, I one day travelled by train up to Lucca, driving thence in five hours into the mountains, where I slept the night at Ponte e Serraglio, a quiet, peaceful little village embowered in limes and chestnuts in the midst of wild and magnificent scenery. Next day at dawn I pushed farther on into the mountains, until, about two o'clock, we reached a tiny unnamed hamlet, where I ordered my wondering driver to remain until my return.

In August, the 'Month of the Lion,' as it is called in Tuscany, the days are long; therefore I

set out alone for Monte Lupo, and, directed by an old herdsman I met upon the road, traversed one of the wildest and loneliest valleys I have ever entered. Its perfect silence, even in the sunlight, was most depressing. An eagle soaring far above was the only living thing I saw. At last, however, I came to a broken moss-grown bridge over a mountain torrent, a relic of medieval times, and high up rose towering towards the sky a sheer wall of bare gray rock. In vain I looked for the village, but could see nothing. So cunningly was the place constructed back in the Middle Ages that from the road it was not visible. In that solid wall of rock, I afterwards discovered, were loopholes overlooking the whole country for many miles. Only on one side—the side unapproachable—was this nest of thieves visible at all, the only way to the ancient stronghold being by the steep, narrow path by which I was ascending.

The long climb was very tedious in the blazing sun, until, at a sharp bend in the path, I passed through an ancient gateway in which a rusty portcullis still remained, and a few moments later found myself in the small, evil-smelling mountain village, the home of the daring Brothers of the Wolf.

The place, white beneath the sun-glare, was deserted, the only sign of life being a few strutting hens and a mangy cat stretched lazily on the hot stones. It was very interesting as a well-preserved mountain stronghold—exactly the same that day as ages ago, when the immortal Dante lived in Florence, and the Guelphs and Ghibellines fought so fiercely in the valley through which I had passed. The world had much changed in the past six hundred years; but Monte Lupo had remained there ever the same, watching that silent valley, its people robbers through every generation.

Among the old, tumble-down houses I wandered until I came to one with a national coat-of-arms upon it, and, having knocked, I was admitted into a large, cool room with stone floor, a big table in the centre, and benches around, reminding me of a public-house taproom in England. It was the Syndic's drawing-room.

Presently that functionary appeared, a thin-faced, small-eyed man of fifty, a well-to-do *contadino*. He had evidently watched my approach with all the village, for in order to receive me he had put on his *festiva* clothes. In response to my respectful salutations he became the essence of Italian politeness, and requested me to be seated.

When we had chatted for a few minutes he suddenly exclaimed :

'The signore is English?'

'Yes,' I answered, smiling. 'But how did you know I was not German?'

'The English always have the same accent. They cannot roll our Italian *r*'s; and, laughing, he rose and took from a cupboard a big flask of red wine and a couple of glasses. 'This is the

best I can offer you,' he said. 'It isn't exactly Château Lafitte, you know.'

I tasted it—an excellent Rufina, but a trifle acid. Then we fell to chatting about the prospects of the wine season, the eternal subject of conversation with the Tuscan *contadini*.

In reply to his inquiry, I told him that I lived in the city away by the sea, whereupon he regarded me curiously, and said in a voice of interrogation :

'Then the signore is the Englishman who writes books?'

I nodded. Strange, I thought, that I should be known in that out-of-the-world place. I reflected, however, how I had heard that the outlaws of the Maremma had spies in every town. Truly I was in queer company. Still, as guest of the Syndic, I was perfectly safe.

He handed me a long Tuscan Virginia, one of those thin, rank cigars which diffuse a choking odour of burnt paper; and, fearing to offend him, I lit it and tried to appear as though I enjoyed his rough hospitality. Truth to tell, however, there was a look in his small, keen eyes that I did not at all like. It had occurred to me that I was in a den of the very worst thieves in the whole of a thieving country; and that, if they suspected me of spying, a quick cut from a ready knife might end my career.

Gradually, however, all fear left me. I began to feel really pleased that I had come there. A curious sensation of elation crept over me, as though the wine had been a trifle too heavy. Perhaps, however, it was that horrible stinking arrangement of cabbage-leaves. At any rate, my head was reeling. I was a fool to have ventured there.

I tried to rise, but my legs refused to support me. I heard my host speaking in a strange, far-off voice, and a few seconds later a sudden darkness fell upon me, blotting out all consciousness.

How long I remained in that helpless condition I have no idea. When, however, I opened my eyes, I found myself in a dark, damp, cellar-like place, with a chilling drip, drip of water sounding in my ears. I was propped up against the wall, but the place was in pitch darkness. I groped about, and discovered that the chamber was a narrow underground place, probably one of the old subterranean cells of the ruined medieval castle around which the village was built. The ponderous door was locked. I shouted and pounded upon it, but there was no sound. I seemed entombed. Through several anxious hours I paced the noisome place, reproaching myself that I had ventured there, until at length the door was unbarred by two men—dark-faced, evil-looking scoundrels, who carried lanterns. Both wished me a polite good-morning. I reflected that if it were morning I must have remained unconscious for many hours.

Then, in reply to my inquiry as to the reason I was held a prisoner, one man, who spoke in a tone of authority, although with most ineffable politeness, said :

'All those who visit Monte Lupo must pay toll.'

'You want money?' I said, feeling like a rat in a hole. 'You shall have all that I have upon me;' and I placed my hand in my pocket, drawing forth thirty-three francs in paper money.

The fellow smiled, excused himself, but politely informed me that such an amount was absolutely useless. His appearance coincided exactly with the description I had had of the fearless Conti, chief of the Brothers of the Wolf.

'Well,' I said furiously, 'yesterday I called upon the Syndic of this village, who, I presume, drugged the wine he gave me and handed me over to you. Remember I'm an Englishman, and the Ministry down at Rome will hear of this.'

'It is quite needless for the signore to express anger,' answered the imperturbable outlaw, with a grim smile. 'A little draft for five thousand francs upon the signore's banker will settle matters. Our good Tonio, here, will take it down to Livorno, and the day after to-morrow he will return with the money. When he comes back the signore will, if he wishes, be at liberty to withdraw himself from our hospitality.'

'I'll write nothing of the sort,' I answered.

There was a dead silence.

'That is your decision?' he asked after a pause.

'Certainly.'

He smiled grimly. Then, crossing the chamber, he placed a key in a low door in the opposite wall and opened it.

'The signore has come to see the sights of Monte Lupo. It is good. He shall see them all,' and he waved his hand in the direction of the inner chamber.

I looked in. The gruesome sight I witnessed there caused me to start back horrified. A cold perspiration broke out upon me. The place, lit by a feeble lamp, smelt of chloride of lime, and in the floor was an open grave. Beside it was an open coffin, containing the body of a man.

At this spot the Brothers of the Wolf got rid of the evidences of their crimes. There was truth, then, in the rumour that the bodies of those they murdered they buried in quicklime.

'The signore you see there,' he explained, indicating the body, 'was, like yourself, disinclined to make us any little present, so we are presenting him with a snug bed instead;' and his harsh laugh was echoed by his grinning companion.

The situation was desperate. This band of outlaws was feared from end to end of Tuscany. Those who fell into their hands and would not pay they murdered, fearing lest they should complain to the authorities. Those who paid were released only on a vow of secrecy. The victims, for the most part landowners, knew too well the terrible

vengeance which this band would wreak upon them and their families if they informed.

'Now,' said the man persuasively, 'if the signore is willing to write us an order for the money, we are quite ready. The signore is English, therefore rich. Five thousand francs is surely not much?'

In English money it was two hundred pounds.

'I'm poor,' I declared. 'I can't give you so much.'

'We never bargain with a gentleman for his life,' the fellow answered, with an air of superior *nonchalance*, closing the door of the inner chamber. He spoke almost perfect Italian, without that curious aspirate which marks the Tuscan tongue. According to popular belief this sly bandit belonged to one of the first families in Rome, but had killed a rival to the hand of the woman who was now the notorious Princess Palladio, and had ever since hidden in the mountains, becoming chief of the dreaded Brothers.

I knew he was not a man to be trifled with. Suddenly a brilliant idea came to me; so I said with apparent ill-grace:

'Bring me a pen and paper, then.'

They brought it, and upon it I wrote the following order upon French's, the English bank in Florence, scribbling badly, so that the outlaws would be unable to read it:

'Please pay bearer £200. Tell Consul-General I am held prisoner at the Mountain of the Wolf.'

Then, having signed it, I handed it to Conti.

He carefully examined it, and smiled in satisfaction.

'Good,' he responded. 'Tonio will ride a fast horse into Firenze, and return to-morrow. Until then, I regret that the signore should be inconvenienced and rendered so uncomfortable.'

But I declared that it was a mere trifle, congratulating myself, nevertheless, upon outwitting these scoundrels. In the course of a few hours the Carabiniers would swoop down upon this colony of outlaws, and the encounter was certain to be a very sharp and lively one.

The head of the fearless brotherhood thoughtfully left me his lamp; and patiently I waited in that gloomy cell through several hours.

Again the door was suddenly thrown open, and Conti appeared, his face pale and distorted by fierce anger.

'So you would give us up to the guards—eh?' he snarled, waving the paper in my face. 'You thought us such fools that we could not read English? But we are not to be entrapped like that. We never take money from those who cannot keep a still tongue. Only the silent go forth from here.'

My position was indeed desperate. I had heard sufficient of their inhuman treatment of those who refused to pay ransom to know that I, having failed to outwit them, might now be

murdered without the slightest compunction. By that ill-advised note I had foolishly shown myself their enemy.

'You have seen that open grave beyond,' the notorious outlaw said in a hard voice. 'It is prepared for you! You will pay, or you will not leave this place alive!'

'Enough!' I cried, springing suddenly upon him. 'Take that!' and drawing my revolver, which still remained in my pocket, apparently overlooked by them when I was unconscious, I fired point-blank in his face. 'And that!'

He sprang back with a startled cry, evidently amazed that I had a weapon. A third shot I directed at his companion; and ere the flash had died away I had dashed through the door and up a short flight of broken steps into the light of day.

I emerged amid the ruins of the great old castle; but, running to the rampart, I sprang over it, and found myself outside the village, with the path by which I had ascended deep down before me.

Away I dashed for life. Behind me sounded wild shouts and vehement curses; and as I ran rifles cracked behind me, and several bullets whistled unpleasantly about my ears. The hasty footsteps of my pursuers gradually gained upon me, and I knew that it would be useless to make any stand against them. Therefore, heedless of where I went, and urged to take terrible leaps by a courage begotten of a strong desire for life, I sped on; down, down the mountain-side, until I reached the broken bridge and the high-road, where I found that, having successfully leaped several places where my pursuers feared to follow, I had once more gained considerably upon them. Those wild leaps saved me.

Again my pursuers fired at me, but their bullets went wide.

The *Ave Maria* was ringing when, having joined my anxious driver, who was waiting for me at the hamlet, I drove into Ponte e Serraglio; and it was past midnight when our wheels rattled over the uneven pebbles of gray old Lucca.

Next morning I told my story to the *Questaore*, or chief of police, and then went my way, full of vivid recollections of my exciting adventure.

Since then, during the past year, the daring robberies and outrages committed by the Brothers of the Wolf have been innumerable. A paragraph which I, however, read some six weeks ago in the *Tribuna* caused me considerable satisfaction. The cutting, now before me as I write, translated, states that a strong force of Carbineers secretly ascended to the village of Monte Lupo by night, and succeeded in surprising the outlaws. A fierce encounter ensued, during which the guards succeeded in shooting the ringleader Conti and four of his companions. Some twenty prisoners were taken, all of whom were recognised as

desperate thieves, including the Syndic, who was alleged to have profited considerably by the depredations of the villagers, and to have given them his countenance and protection. The Minister of the Interior had, on hearing of this, issued an order that the village should be destroyed by explosives, and this had been done after the household effects of the whole place had been heaped up and burned.

The Carbineers discovered a large quantity of stolen property hidden in the ancient fortress, the paragraph continues; 'but what was strangest of all was a chamber wherein was an open grave. In this horrible place, one of the ancient dungeons of the castle, was a coffin containing the body of a victim apparently awaiting burial in quicklime. At first the guards were horrified; but their horror was turned to laughter when they found that the supposed body was in reality only a wax-faced dummy, and that the whole scene was cunningly arranged to terrify the victims from whom the thieves endeavoured to extort money.'

The explanation of the open grave was humorous enough; but there is at this moment when I write a terrible picture posted on the notice-board of the Communal Palace of Lucca: it is a gruesome picture of the notorious brigand Conti and his four companions, whose bodies were, after death, stuck up against a wall and photographed, by order of the Italian Government, so that the public should know that the scoundrels were really dead, and likewise to warn all other outlaws of the fate awaiting them. As for my affable friend the Syndic, he is at present on the island of Elba, serving a sentence of ten years' imprisonment.

I revisited Monte Lupo with some English friends a few days ago. The dynamite of the corps of Engineers has done its work well, for there is scarcely one stone standing upon another.

TO MY LADY.

THE light of stainless dawn is in your eyes,
And I have looked in them, and learned to pray
That in their glory I may find the way
That leads into the earthly paradise;
For you have bound me, freed me, made me wise
To read the promise of a perfect day
In your sweet face, fair as some morn in May
When earth grows young again 'neath cloudless skies.

And as through rifted clouds a man may read
The pledge of peace revealed in stormless blue,
So doth my heart, with every thought of you,
Have glimpses of a life completely freed
From all that is unrestful and untrue,
Spanned by the heaven of a lover's creed.

PERCY GALLARD.